

Composition

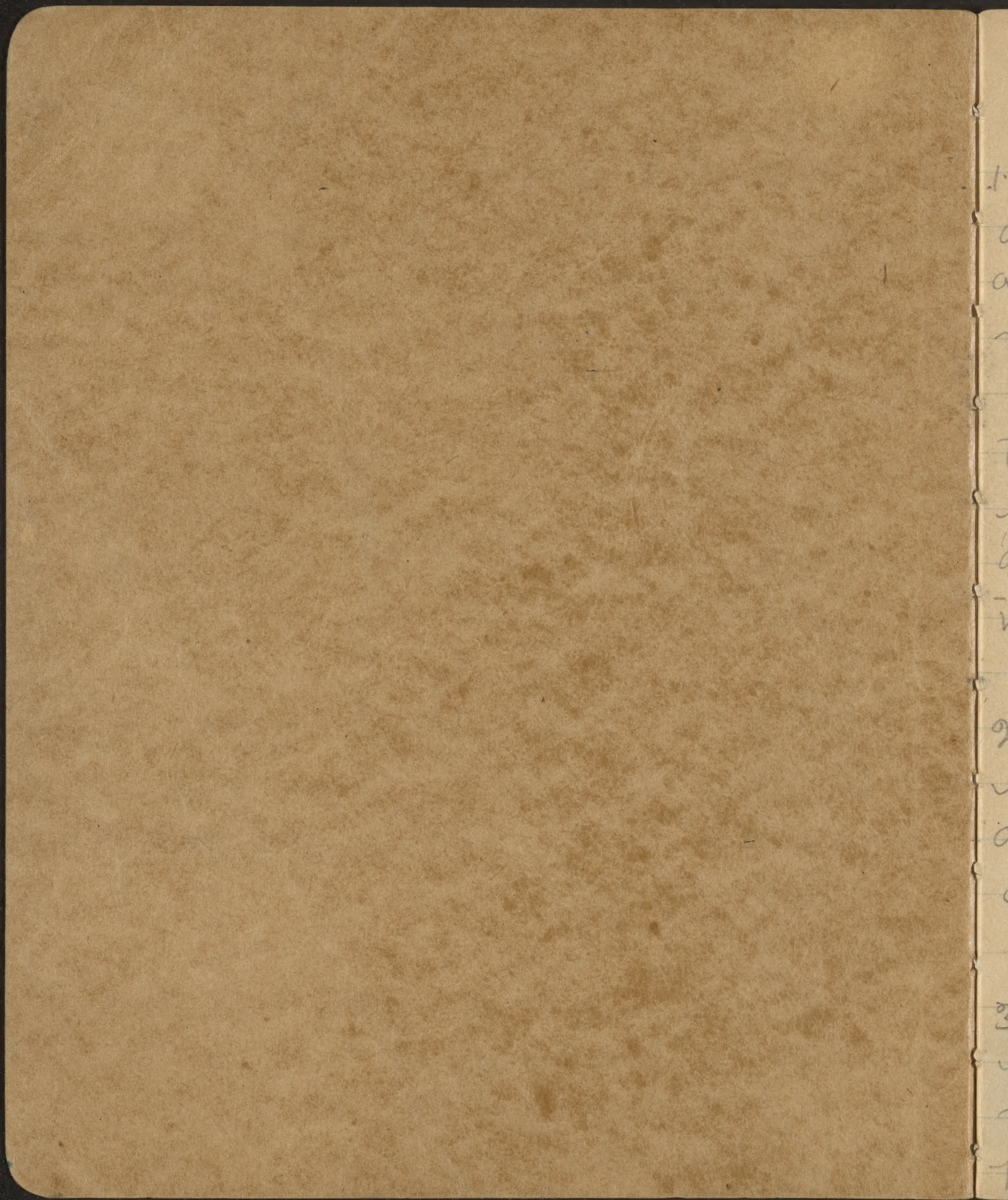
Book



Name *Maggie Griffin*

KURTZ BROS.,
Clearfield, Pa.

No. 60



tune will may.

My teacher is Miss Milfling in the 7/1/902

1. The first of the frogs is wide awake.

down in the meadow he peeps, and boys
are snaking our marbles again, but we
never play for peeps.

cho.

Spring has come to this ward of ours,
her touch new beauty restores, and the
green things growing, are green again,
in the beautiful out of doors.

2. with merriest laughter we window
sending them spinning away. They dance
and whirl as if they knew that we are all
glad and gay.

3. we girls are so glad when the melting
snow down from the terraces drip; The
merry rope we gaily swing with a
hoppity jump and skip.

4. with laughter and prolicure heat our
boops, sending them rolling away.
They act as if they really knew,
That we are all glad and gay's

End.

April 16, 1907.

1. Sing a song of summer time coming
up and by,
four and twenty black birds sailing
thru the sky. When the season opens
they all begin to sing, and make the
finest concert every year upon the wing
do.

black birds yellow birds robins
and the wrens all coming home
again when the winter ends, sing over

2. Sing a song of summer time coming
very soon with the breath of the may
the glory of the June now the busy
farmer toils intent on crops and
money now the velvet willow
dunting after honey.

Will ^{they} know this flowery nook
bathed in sunshine yellow, where the morning

glories are. and roses pink and yellow.
black birds, yellow birds, Robins and the
will be all coming home again
when the winter ends.

End.

pretty flowers
till the one horse opens high.
Song.

1. Glad summer time has come,
and flowers now arise. we all have
dressed bright and new with colors
like the skies. we hear the sunshine
call, and all our hearts rejoice,
for we have waited ~~Patiently~~ to hear
the sunshine's voice.

Chorus.

pretty flowers, pretty flowers, rub
their sleepy eyes — violet and rare
as the blue color of the skies.
pretty flowers, pretty flowers, wake
from their dreams. sunshine's
call to us, waken us by your beams.

2. We sing a welcome all to birds and
butterflies soon as we'll fly up

in the blue, it will be a great surprise
and little children all who say
the flowers sleep should watch
the sky above at night and doubt
our eyes would sleep.

3. These lovely maids you come
and tell Red us day by day, while
all the boys have work to do
will to keep the weeds away. But
still we did not wake, we could
not all to grow. Till fairy sun
shine comes to us and makes
our colors glow.

End.

tune pretty flowers

The one horse open sleigh.

Dashing thru the snow

In a one horse open sleigh.

O'er the hills we go

laughing all the way

Bells on bob-tailed ring

making spirits bright o' what

sport to ride and sing

a sleighing song to night.

cho

Jingle bells jingle bells jingle
all the way. O' what ^{fun} it is to ride
in a one horse open sleigh.

The other day I thought that I
would take a ride I found my
self soon seated with Fanny by
my side. The sleigh bells tinkle

